08:33 77%

bypaulamichelle

LAUREN AND MIA: SHORT FICTION BY PAULA PUDDEPHATT

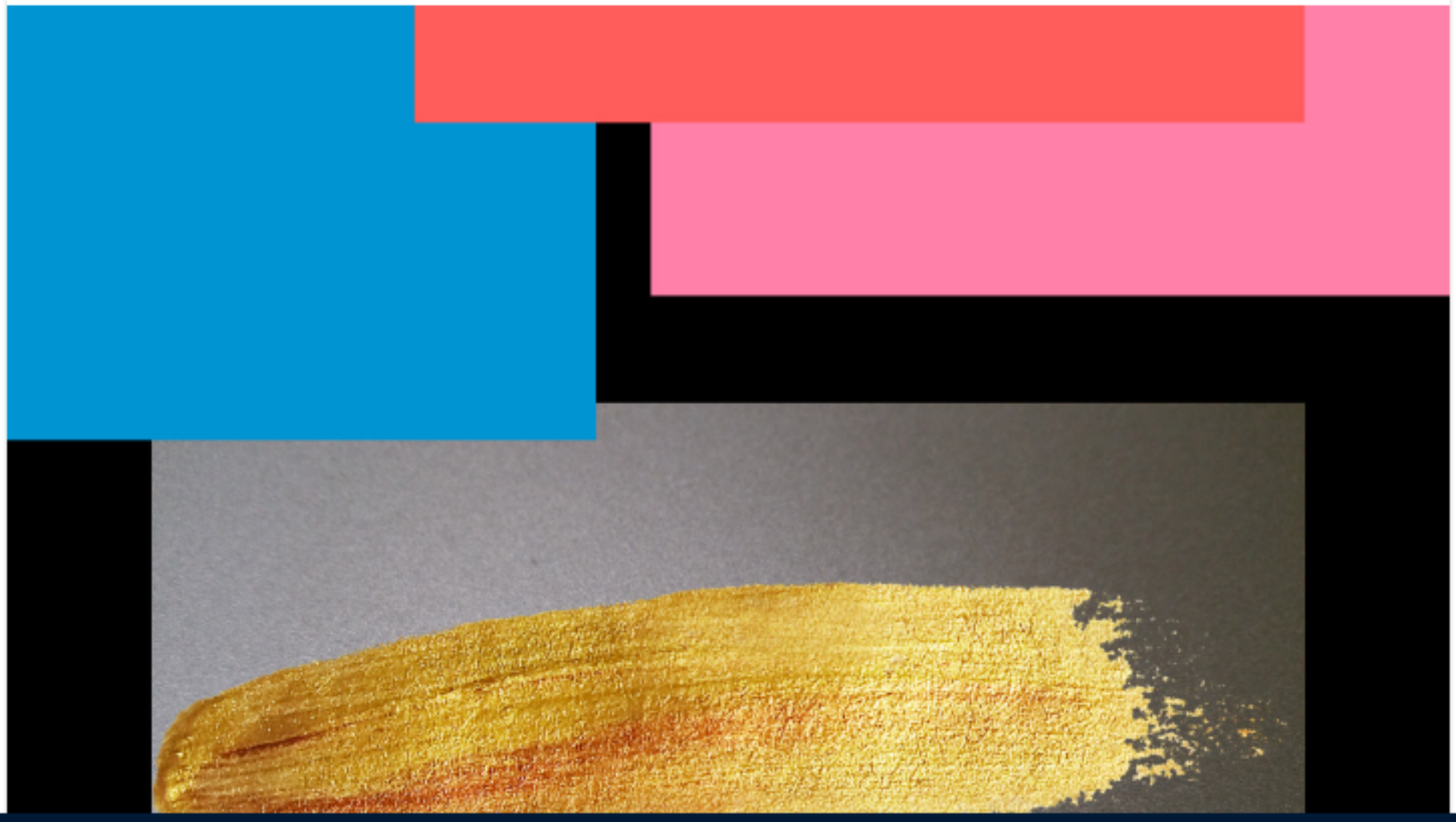
"Mia?" The question mark in the young girl's voice, almost imperceptible, but there. "Mia." More of a statement, but the doubt had been there, however momentarily. Could not be erased.

Mia registered familiar hazel eyes, exactly like her own. Like their late mother's. "What are you doing here, Lauren?"

"That's not much of a welcome, is it? We're still sisters."

"We are?"

"You can't place an expiration date on family, you know."

"You actually can, Lauren. I didn't, but you did." She glanced for a moment longer, witnessing dissolving fragments of the sister she no longer knew.

Mia lightly but firmly closed the front door. Double-lock. Fasten chain.